CALISTA.

AN

OPERA.

As it was deſigned to have been perform'd at one of the

THEATRES.

Dedicated to her GRACE

The DUTCHESS

OF

QUEENSBURY and DOVER.

—*Then let the* ſtricken *Deer go weep,*
The Hart ungall'd *go play.*

HAMLET.

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22
57
MAY

To Her Grace

The DUTCHESS

OF

Queensbury and *Dover.*

MADAM,

THO' your Grace is placed in the firſt Rank of Quality, which receives an additional Luſtre from you, yet you have condeſcended to Patronize a Dramatick Opera of the ſame Nature with this; and therefore I humbly

implore your Grace to take the Opera of *Caliſta* into your Protection.

There is no Perſon upon Earth, to whom I could ſo properly dedicate this Work, as your Grace; whoſe refined Taſte and Judgment makes you ſhine in a Sphere ſuperior to other Perſons of Quality; nor is your Virtue leſs conſpicuous than your Encouragement of Poetic Labours, and your Deteſtation of every immoral Action.

I preſume, I may be allowed to ſay, that Satire is as neceſſary in this corrupt and degenerate Age, as it was in the Days of our Forefathers; and that the *Stage* ought to have an equal ſhare of Liberty with the *Preſs*. But tho' the Beauty of this *Opera* has been faded for want of a Repreſentation, yet

it

it will ſoon recover its Colour, if your Grace ſhall pleaſe to countenance it.

When Plays made their firſt Appearance in the World, and a *Cart* was the *Bard's* Theatre, he not only expoſed the Vice and Folly of the Man, but mentioned his very Name, tho' he was preſent: This was a Liberty which Poets do not claim at this time, but they beg leave to inſiſt on their Right and Privilege in drawing the blackeſt Crimes in the blackeſt Colours, and doubt not but your Grace will vindicate them in ſuch Proceedings.

To whom ſhould I make my Application, but to a Perſon of your Grace's diſtinguiſhed Character, who is always willing and ready to protect the Innocent? And who can command Obedience, and yet never

commands

commands it, but when it is conſiſtent with Juſtice.

This gives me a fair Opportunity of declaring to the World the numerous Qualifications with which you are adorned; but I ſhould loſe myſelf in a Field ſo ſpacious: And as I am equally ſenſible of my own Inability to perform that Task, as of your Grace's abhorrence of Flattery, I ſhall only requeſt your Permiſſion to aſſure your Grace, that I am,

May it pleaſe your GRACE,

Your GRACE's *moſt Devoted,*

and moſt Obedient Servant.

A

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THE

THE INTRODUCTION.

Written by a Friend.

POET *and* PLAYER.

Poet. SIR, I doubt not but this Performance will turn my Braſs Hilted Sword into one of a finer Metal, and afford ſuch Decorations to the Houſe as ſhall make every Character ſhine in its proper Quality.

Player. Are we then to look upon this Performance as a true Repreſentation of Things which have really been tranſacted; or ſpeak juſtly and deal freely, is it only the Overflowings of your own Invention.

Poet. Faith, Sir, I have ſcarcely taken a Poetical Liberty, — Things have been really and *bona fide* tranſacted exactly as I repreſent them, which in ſome Meaſure has clog'd the Beauty and Sublimity of the Diction, whereas had I ſwerv'd from Originals, I might have given it better Grace and Lan-

guage; but for once I was resolv'd to introduce Truth upon the Stage in its native Simplicity.

Player. Truth in Things of this Nature is not of such absolute Necessity as to make the Language barren of Poetical Beauties; but on the contrary, the World being full of Cheats, every Thing is Matter for dispute as to its Veracity; and in short Mankind is very fond of being cheated; therefore I cannot approve of your Design without good Reason.

Poet. We of the Poetical Tribe have truly been so given to Hyperboles and fictitious Inventions, that we are scarce believed when we speak Truth; but these Intrigues which I now expose are partly known to living Witnesses, which will be every Night in the Boxes, and can prove almost every Particular to be true. So that was I to launch into the least Deviation, I should be pelted off the Stage whilst we Nightly make this Introduction.

Player. I cry your Mercy, Sir; Truth then will make us shine even in Dullness. *Athens* took this Method to expose Vice; and then the Players were had in more Esteem than the Priests, and did more good in their Generation; and as the Poet says —— Truth will shine—— In every Line—— the Guilty will come to make the rest of the Audience believe they are not the Persons pointed at (which Custom is now become genteel and fashio-

fashionable) and at the same Time their Presence will be a Farce within the Operas; and as you justly observe we may all be considerable Gainers.—But here come the Players—I am your very humble Servant.

Poet. Well, Sir, as the Players are approaching, let the Overture be play'd, and then proceed methodically.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Count *de Ulto*, a noble Gentleman, virtuous in his Nature, but gall'd by his Lady's Extravagance, intrigues to raiſe her Jealouſy.

Count *Hermio*, Gallant to the Counteſs *de Ulto*, turns virtuous upon Marriage.

Melanthus, Succeſſor to Count *Hermio*, in his Amours with the Counteſs *de Ulto*.

Col. *Franciſco*, an extravagant *Debauchée*.

Beau *Nation*, a Gameſter, and an Admirer of the Counteſs *de Ulto*.

Marquis *del Fogo*, Father to *Caliſta*.

Lothario, Gallant to *Caliſta*.

Altamont, an injur'd exaſperated Husband.

WOMEN.

Princeſs *del Carmel*, Mother to the Counteſs *de Ulto*.

Counteſs *de Ulto*, Wife to the Count *de Ulto*.

Caliſta, Wife to *Altamont*.

Cocona, Confident to the Counteſs *de Ulto*.

Olimpia, a Dairy-Maid, and Concubine to Col. *Franciſco*.

Conſtable, Bell-Man, Servants, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *The Count* de Ulto's *Apartment*.

CALISTA.

AN

OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Count* de Ulto's *Apartment.*

Count de Ulto *ſolus.*

IS it poſſible for human Nature to bear a more poignant Affliction than mine? I love my Counteſs to Diſtraction, and ſhe returns it with Contempt: I make myſelf an obſequious Slave to one who tramples on my Affection, and deſpiſes my Aſſiduity to engage her—What muſt be done? Shou'd I charge

charge her with Perfidy, her haughty Temper can never bear Reproof, and wou'd but render me the more Diſagreeable, whilſt I am more anxious to oblige her than to do Juſtice to my Rival: Let his Guilt purſue and overtake him, and the Serenity of my Mind (or at leaſt the Appearance of it) bring my unthinking Counteſs to a Senſe of her Condition and Duty——But why does Melancholy thus attack me; the Crime is not mine, why then ſhou'd the Grief be ſo?

AIR I. 'Twas when the Seas were roaring.

This World is all a Bubble,
And full of painted Charms;
And Love, the worſt of Trouble,
The beſt of Men diſarms:
Well may the humble Peaſant
Deſpiſe the Rich and Great;
Be happy and be pleaſant,
And laugh at Fools in State.

The Jingling of our Riches,
And ſplendid Equipage;
The giddy Croud bewitches,
They think us Gods o'th' Age.
But Grandeur, Wealth and Power,
Make Women proud and vain;
Which does our Peace devour,
And leaves on them a Stain.

This only yields me quiet,
And cures both Spleen and Pique;
It ſtops Extremes and Riot,
To think we've all alike.

We

We laugh at one another,
And never look at home;
Each Courtier is my Brother,
For wily Wives will roam.
[*Turning to the Audience.*

To Him, Princeſs del Carmel.

Prin. del Car. My Lord, ſhou'd any one have told me your Lordſhip cou'd have turn'd round upon the Heel with that boon Grace, and in a manner ſo oppoſite to your Lordſhip's general Carriage of late, I could not have believed it; I only wiſh I had heard thoſe Words you ſeem'd to ſing with Pleaſure.

Count de Ulto. Madam, my Mirth, which is very rarely ſeen, ſeldom comes without a Spice of Madneſs; I unhappily got into a chagreen Labyrinth, and to extricate myſelf, reſolved to try an Experiment uſed in a neighbouring Nation; that is, not being able to overcome the Hip by Reaſon, I had recourſe to Sonnet and Madrigal.

Prin. del Car. Ha, ha, ha! The Hip and a chagreen Labyrinth. I thought a Man of your Lordſhip's Underſtanding, knew too much of the World to entertain a Thought which might give you the leaſt uneaſineſs; but may I be your Confident in the weighty Affair; your Lordſhip is ſatisfy'd of my having your Intereſt at Heart, and participate of every Mutability which attends you.

Count de Ult. Madam, I am not willing you ſhou'd receive a Wound thro' my Sides; but there is no Perſon ſo proper as your Highneſs to give me Advice in my preſent Circumſtances

Your

——Your Daughter has fell into ſome Errors in her Conduct, which I fear will give Occaſion for the ill natur'd World to Cenſure her, and her private Follies will ſoon become Matter for publick Scandal. The Court already rings of the Liberties ſhe takes with Count *Hermio*; nor can your Highneſs be ignorant of that Report, and I hope you will on this Occaſion exert your Authority.

Prin. del Car. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall burſt with Laughter; ha, ha, ha! All Hip, all Hip and effeminate Vapours. Your Lordſhip knows little of the *Beau Monde* to poſſeſs yourſelf with theſe Fancies: Till a Woman has run thro' a Score of Intrigues, ſhe is not worth the notice of a Lacky; it ſhews a Vivacity of Spirit in my Daughter, which any one in the World but your Lordſhip would value her for: Our Sex, eſpecially of Quality, affect Popularity; it is the Characterick of an Empreſs: To be the moſt topping Toaſt of the Town is a greater Step to humane Happineſs than the greateſt Eſtate or Title.

AIR II. The White Joak.

Was ſhe a Coquet or a Prude,
In Publick pray, in Private lewd;
Well might your Lordſhip then complain.
But ſhe's all Air, all Grace, all Life,
And ſhe is, is ſhe not your Wife;
Her Flames are brillant, and they're pure,
Her Steps are free, but ſtill they're ſure;
Then baniſh Chagreen and Diſdain.
Then baniſh, &c.

Count

Count *de Ulto.* Excuſe me, Madam, if I cannot as yet approve your Philoſophy, or entertain ſuch favourable Thoughts of your Daughter's Liberties as you would have me; however, I will take care to ſhew as little Concern as poſſible, and make myſelf as agreeable as the Nature of Affairs will admit; and I beg, whatever your Grace's Sentiments are on this Occaſion, to curb her aſpiring Vanity, and let her know what Duties are incumbent on her in every Capacity; and leaving this to the Conduct of your Grace, I beg to be excus'd.

AIR III. *Katharine Ogie.*

Hard is the Caſe that Men muſt mourn,
For fickle, fickle Woman;
Who with unchaſte Deſires will burn,
Till they ſhall quite undo Man.
Angels to view, but Devils ſure,
And ſent here to betray us;
With guileful Eyes they will allure
And then the Syrens ſlay us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Col. Franciſco *enters at one Door, and* Beau Nation *at the other; they ſalute.*

Col. *Franciſco.* Be me Saul, Mon, I'ſe glaud to ſee thee now the Lawdies are com to Toon. ——I ken ye a brot the Box and Deece,

and t'other gude Plaw-Thing out o'th' Country. What ſaw ya, Mon, which brings moſt Grotts to ye'r Mill, the Hozzard and Borg Pipe on a Couch, or Hozzard on a Tauble?

AIR IV. *Logan* Water.

For theſe fine Sports and noble Gaums,
Nor thee, nor I, will tall our Naums:
To ſhake the Box or ſhake the Bed,
Is Work the Stars for us decreed.
In midnight Revels we delight;
Venus *and* Mercury's *Battles fight;*
But, oh! the Box and ratling Dice,
From other Pleaſures do entice.

B. *Nation.* Damn the Dye, and the Devil take the Bagpipes. You and I, Colonel, are Perſons of the ſame Profeſſion, but of different Fortunes. I loſt my whole Patrimony with a certain *Belle*, and flattered myſelf at leaſt to have the laſt Favour; but I'm jilted, and though ſhe frequently aſſured me my Succeſs ſhould be dependant on her's, ſhe now laughs at my Credulity, and makes the private Amour the Subject of her publick Diverſion.

Col. *Fran.* Sbreed, Mon, ken ye not a better Waw than that to get a Lawdy's Favour. They have a Moxim never to give when they win; that's the Trick of Boys at Chock-Fardin; if you wod hafe a Lawdy ſacrifice her Body, you mun furſt get her Monies, and thon if ya wor the muccle Dee'l ya might have her Saul, and all that belongs to her if ya'd refund the Spankey.

AIR

AIR V. *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray.*

Mon ye're the Deel of a Beau
And do not ken the Art, Sur;
To gaun a Lady worth a Straw,
A Button or a Fart, Sur.
If ye reſolve to gain a Laſs,
And wou'd be unko hoppy,
Put on a jolly Tarquin's *Face,*
And mauk yourſelf right nappy.

And if ya Plaw be ſure to cheat,
And get her ready Rino;
Then ya may monage the Deceat,
Without a block Devino.
By Lightning, Thunder, Blood and Ouns,
When I is keen for Wenching;
I'ſe Seage and Storm and tare up Bounds,
With never failing Truncheon.

B. *Nation.* Colonel, every Man muſt act according to his Character, be what it will; and the Action that would become *Franciſco*, would beget Beau *Nation* a hearty Drubbing, or a Foot of *Toledo*'s Steel in the Abdomen: A Beau muſt only cringe and ſneer for ſix Months, and wait till the Fair makes ſome Advances; but a Bully, ſave in your Preſence, Colonel, is never admitted but to a rampant Termagant, to do a dirty Office, and ſuch as a Man of Faſhion would be aſham'd of.

AIR VI. *Wincheſter* Wedding.

A Beau to gain his Intention,
For a Month muſt write and whine,
And twenty more ways wrack Invention,
Before he enters the Mine:
You Bullies may ſtorm and hector,
It never will do with the Fair;
They love a more amorous Lecture——
A Beau always baits with a Snare.

Col. *Fran.* 'Sbreed, Sar, ye're a pawky Cheel, and the Dee'l ta me but I'd flank the van and rear, wor it not for a Lawdy's hearing me in a Paſſion, and being put in Fear of my Life, which ſhe garrs dearer than her own, and look ya there ſhe leeks out at the Saſh; [*he ſpys the Counteſs* de Ulto *at a Window*] now I ſpeek two gude Words for meſele, on I'ſe dee for't.

B. *Nation.* Stap my Vitals, Colonel, are ye mad, ſure your Vanity and Oſtentation is not ſo great as to pretend that Lady, the Counteſs *de Ulto*, thinks you worth her Notice; ſhe's addreſs'd to by the beſt of Quality, and kills twenty with her Wit and Beauty, to one ſhe cures with her good Nature. I hope to inſinuate myſelf into her good Affections; but I'll not preſume to appear till her belov'd Count *Hermio*'s ſatiated, which he will ſoon be in all probability, for nothing affords more Amuſement at *White*'s than his intended marriage; and then he's too juſt to retain his Gallantries; and in the mean Time let you and I crack a Bottle and be good Friends,

for

for Brothers ſhould agree, tho' they differ in Air and Complexion.

Col. *Fran.* Why there now I like ye, twa Bottles will never put me out of Countenance; but as I ſcorn to tell a Lee, Mon, I'ſe no pleaſe ye ſhould queſtion my having an Affair wee that Lady; and 'Sbreed, Sar, had I been reſolute and ſhe no grant the Favour, I'ſe ſet the Houſe on fire, chop of the Huſband's Head, and drag the Wife thro' a Hoorſe Pond.

B. *Nation.* I grant, you reſolute Soldiers ſhould work by ſtratagem when the beſieged refuſe Capitulation.

AIR VII. *Cloe*'s Charms.

But he that would a Lady gain,
Her Honour muſt not dare to ſtain,
But move with Air and bow with Grace;
For theſe are Charms,
The Sex diſarms.

C. Fr. *And 'sbreed, Sar, that's a Heart and brazen (Face.*

SCENE III.

Marquis del Fogo *ſolus.*

What pity it is, Heaven found out no other means for the propagation of Mankind but the uſe of Women; for ſet that aſide, they are altogether uſeleſs unleſs for the trial of our Patience. A Man that has a Wife and two

two or three Daughters had need have the Learning of *Ariſtotle*, the Diſcretion of *Seneca*, the Wiſdom of *Socrates*, and the Divinity of *Plato*; in ſhort, he ought to have in his Breaſt a Compound of all the Virtues commended by all our Antidiluvian and modern Hiſtorians. I have a Daughter I want to marry to *Altamont*; I inſiſt on her Duty; ſhe oppoſes it with an idle Story of her Inclinations: 'Tis true, *Altamont* deſerves her, but ſhe can't ſee the leaſt Deſert in him; and yet, for ought I know, this Miſtreſs Pert being left to her own Inclinations, might take up with a Cornet, Enſign, or even a *Valet de Chambre*; but ſhe did not beget her ſelf; ſhe does not provide for herſelf; nor ſhall ſhe diſpoſe of herſelf; and that's my Reſolution.

To him Altamont.

Altamont. Sir, in obedience to your Commands, I am come to know your Reſolutions on the Debate with Madam your virtuous Daughter.

M. *del Fogo*. I ſhou'd not have enter'd into it, having Power to command her Obedience, had not my too much Indulgence heightened her Obſtinacy; however, thus far ſhe'll condeſcend and no thanks to her, ſooner than forfeit my Eſteem, and with it my Paternal Affection, ſhe'll marry the Man I chuſe. I then told her, I choſe the Man who chus'd her, and fear'd that he wou'd live to repent of his Choice. At that an ocean of Crocodile Tears ran out of her Eyes; and

and I only gueſſed at her Words by her Looks; as for her Tears they are of no weight, Women can weep when they pleaſe. But to ſpeak ſeriouſly on a Subject which ſeems to me to be the Center of your own Deſires, if you like her with a multitude of Faults about her, e'en take her and bleſs you with her; but if ſhe proves a true Wife, that is, true to nothing but her own Inclinations, blame not me but your own Raſhneſs. You know your Qualifications, or ought to know them, and I hope you'll ſuit your Diſpoſition to her Temper; in this Condition take her.

Altamont. I don't doubt but her Heſitation proceeded more from her Modeſty than her want of Duty to you, or any perſonal Diſlike ſhe has to me. The Prejudice of Cuſtom has eſtabliſhed a Rule for the Ladies, by which they are obliged to refuſe in Words, what is indeed agreeable to the Inclinations. I will not boaſt my own Merit, yet I perſuade myſelf that I ſhall prevail with her, by my Behaviour and Addreſs, to own a Paſſion ſhe ſeems now inſenſible of.

AIR VIII. Auld *Rob Morris.*

The Women are Creatures paſt our underſtanding,
Ships traverſe at Sea, but ſettle at landing;
Your Daughter's a Maiden, a Ship on the Sea,
I'm Pilot at Anchor, ſhe'll reſt upon me.

M. *del Fogo.* There, Sir, I can never agree with you; a Woman who does not really Love before Marriage, will ſcarce be rais'd

to

to that Paſſion afterwards. Be plain with her as a Lover ſhou'd, and I'll be poſitive like an old Man and a Father.

To them Caliſta.

Altamont. Madam, I have your Father's Conſent, and from you no poſitive Refuſal: Matters are come to a Criſis, and I beg with the utmoſt Humility you will be free, and let me know the Sentiments of your Heart, abſtracted from what you owe to Duty.

Caliſta. There's a Reverence due to Age and Underſtanding, which makes ſo deep an Impreſſion on my Mind, that I leave all to the Judgment of my Superiors, believing that Diſcretion may be often wanting in our Sex, who are too frequently blinded by Prejudice, Paſſion and Chimera. I therefore give up my ſelf entirely to the diſpoſal of that Parent, whoſe Conduct has made him ſhine in the World. Surely he who hath with Honour commanded embattled Forces, can never be wanting in the Management of his own Family.

M. *del Fogo.* Well ſaid, Child, that was as well as the wiſeſt of your Sex cou'd have ſpoke; hold to that, and you win my Soul for ever.

AIR IX. I wiſh my Love were in the Mire.

Child, here's the Man, I'm reſolute,
He's deep in Love, make no Diſpute;
A little Time deſtroys your Charms,
Then prithee take him to thy Arms.

I freely give him leave to ſpeak,
Sir, this apply, your Method take;
Let formal Courtſhip be laid down;
Sir, don't you cringe—Child, don't you frown.

Caliſta. My filial Duty obliges me to pleaſe you, and contribute my poor Mite to encreaſe your Honour and Satisfaction; and I ſhall joyfully lay hold of every Opportunity that ſhall offer, to improve both.

AIR X. Provident Damſel.

I'm ſomething, yet nothing, tho' ſought and admir'd,
A Play-thing, a Toy and a Bauble: (quird,
There's ſomething indeed, for ſome time I've ac-
But fear in deep Waters to dabble;
But fear in deep Waters, &c.

I hop'd at the firſt for myſelf I ſhould chuſe,
But Virgins are often miſtaken;
And what is allotted I will not refuſe,
Leaſt I ſhould my Character blacken;
Leaſt I might, &c.

But if I ſhou'd miſs of the Joys I conceive,
The Man I ſhould curſe that betray'd me;
And be quickly revenged in ſome way, I believe,
However the World might upbraid me;
However the World, &c.

M. *del Fogo.* Well, Sir, what are you Dumbfounded on a ſudden? You ſee my Daughter comes to, and ſings like a Nightingale; tho' I did not mind the Words, 'twas a very

pretty Tune, and makes me as light as a Flask of *Burgundy*.

Altamont. Truly, Sir, I took ſo much Notice of the Words that I loſt the Beauty of the Tune; however, I am ſo far confident of *Caliſta*'s Virtue, that I muſt believe her Innocent; and excuſe me, Sir, if I cannot be ſo merry as the Occaſion requires. —— Madam, I aſſure you the greateſt Pleaſure I can enjoy in this World, ſhall be founded on your Happineſs.

Caliſta. Sir, I have been told, People are apt to talk very idly before Marriage, but very ſeriouſly afterwards; and if ſo, what we ſay now is of very little Conſequence.

AIR XI. Miſtake not *Celia.*

Alt. *What Monſter fell I may become,*
When Hymen's Knot is ty'd;
The Fates alone foreſee my Doom,
My charming beauteous Bride.

But this believe, you'll find it true,
My Life, my Soul, my Love;
What you deſire, and what you do
I ever will approve.

Cal. *That's more than I can yet declare*
In the behalf of you;
Each other's Bleſſings we muſt ſhare,
And Love for what we do.

But

But if I ſhould ungrateful prove,
And make your Bliſs a Curſe:
You take me now, remember, Love,
For better and for worſe.

M. *del Fogo.* Children, my Heart is ſo full of Joy, I can't contain it. Let's ſtep into the Hall, and ſend for old *Eccleſiaſticus* to make an End of the Buſineſs, and To-morrow I'll have nothing but Singing and Dancing, Feaſting and Drinking, Ringing of Bells, and Bonfires, till the whole Country ecchoes to my Son's and Daughter's Praiſes; nay, Mirth ſhall begin to Night. Send for our Friends and Neighbours immediately, and the Servants ſhall proclaim a Jubilee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Counteſs de Ulto's *Apartment.*

Count Hermio *and Counteſs* de Ulto *ſeated, and in Diſcourſe.*

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Indeed, Sir, it's time to put an End to an Affair that had ſo odd a Beginning; beſides, I ought to preach up Virtue and Repentance as a preparative to the holy State you are entring into. You have fed on Dainties too delicious for your Palate, and like the Grandee who once a

Week dined with Porters in a Cellar for ſake of Variety; you are going to take up with a griping Citizen's Daughter. Pho, pho! The very Thought of it gives me the Vapours; but you'll have this Comfort; the great Buſineſs of the Nation will not be neglected for the ſake of Intrigue. But to be ſerious, if your Reſolution is ſo fixt, don't make me a Diverſion for the ugly Thing your Wife, when you want Appetite to ſomething elſe.

AIR XII. Paſt Twelve o'Clock.

Tho' pleaſant at firſt are amorous Kiſſes,
When the young Virgin does panting lie;
The Husband's ſoon cloy'd, and pall'd all his Bliſs is,
Uſeleſs her Signs are for conſtant Supply.
He pauſes a-while, at length he reſolves to go
Viſit a Friend, whom he had found often ſo.
She opens her Arms, his Cheeks with new Joy do (glow,
Raptures of Love do their Hours employ.

Count *Hermio*. Can you entertain a Thought of me ſo ungenerous? None, by *Jupiter*, none ſhall ever dare in my hearing to mention your Ladyſhip's Name with Irreverence. I hope the Reaſons I have given are ſufficient to induce me to enter into this Engagement, and aſſure yourſelf your Name ſhall ever be preſerved by me as ſacred.

Counteſs *de Ulto*. If you are ſincere, let us exchange Tokens in confirmation of our mutual Sincerity; for to confeſs the truth, our

our Affair hath been of too long ſtanding to keep up the Spirit of an Amour; and when we happen to be tired of a future Intrigue, we may again find ſome Pleaſure in renewing former Friendſhip.

[*They change Rings.*

AIR XIII. Come my deareſt come to Bed.

C. Her. *Farewell deareſt, fare thee well,*
I go——my Heart does yet rebel;
I go——yet ah! fain wou'd I ſtay,
But I am bound and muſt obey.

Cs. de U. *Prithee now run,*
Your good Woman's alone;
She's Fleſh of your Fleſh,
And Bone of your Bone.

[Exeunt, *one at one Door, the other at t'other.*

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Colonel Franciſco *and Beau* Nation *enter drunk and dirty, with two Footmen, one leading in* Olimpia, *the other hawling in a Cinder Wench.*

Col. *Franciſco.*

'SBREED I'ſe knock doon the firſt Conſtable I meet, and ſwear the next pawke Jade I ſee pick'd my Pocket. *Tim*, tumble that Bundle of Dirt you drag after you into the next Jackſey. I thot the Bitch wad a baul'd and made the whole Toon in an Uproar, or ſlit my Weeſen but a wad no been troubl'd with her: A Mon is never ance hoppy in Liquor, but when he has a Mob of 100 about him, and dreves aw before him to the muckle Dee'l.

B. *Nation.* Satan refuſe me, Colonel, if I don't match you at Extravagance; *Peter*, pull *Olimpia*'s Clouts over her Head, and let us all baul out, the *Squeaking Woman.*

To

To them a Bellman.

B. *Nation.* Stop there Bellman.

[*takes his Staff and knocks him down.*

Col. *Franciſco.* Dee'l gang thro' my Saul, Mon, but your Staff ſpeeks better *Engliſh* than yar Tongue; now, Mon, let us beat up the Quarters of ſome aud Carl that haunt the gude Manners to gang out of the Waw when he kens we ha a Mind to lig with his Wife.

B. *Nation.* Well thought on; an old higgling Shop-keerer lives here, and a pretty *Bona Roba* lies under a Harrow with the Hunx: I'll give him a Bellman's Verſe, and then we'll break the Windows.

[*Rings the Bell, and then ſpeaks the following Lines.*

Methinks I hear my antient Maſter ſnore
So ſound aſleep that Thieves may break his Door;
By his ſweet Bride in heavy lumpiſh Mood.
Like Tantalus *he's faſten'd in the Flood:*
Food at his Mouth, and Water at his Chin,
He gapes, he ſtrives, yet nothing enters in;
Up Hill, like Siſiphus, *ſhe rolls the Stone,*
And roll ſhe may, for ſtill it tumbles down;
O! that I were in the old Cuckold's Place!
However take this Treble to my Baſs.

[They all break the Windows and go off.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Colonel Franciſco, *Beau* Nation, *two Footmen*, Olimpia *and a Cinder Wench, purſu'd by the Watch.*

Col. *Franciſco.* Holf of the Loons that broke the Windows are got away.

[*Speaking to the Watch, and as they are going off in purſuit of them,* Peter *and* Olimpia *lay hold of two of the Watchmen.*

Olim. Sir, (*ſpeaking to Col.* Franciſco) this Fellow with the red Cap offer'd the other Day to raviſh me; as you are a Juſtice, right my Wrongs, and ſend him to the Houſe of Correction.

Peter, Sir, *Olimpia* ſwears upon her Bible Oath, that this Follow behind in the red Cap went to raviſh her; and the other in the grey Cap I know to bo a damn'd heatheniſh Rogue as ever lived for crying Mackrel about the Streets on Sundays.

Col. *Fran.* Seize um, and bring um to this Bulk. Now Beau *Nation* you and I and *Olimpia* will ſit down upon this Banch and wee'l be the Banch of Juſtices: *Olimpia* what have you got to ſaw againſt this Fellow in the rad Cop.

Olim. Sir, he went to raviſh me, whether I would or no; he ſaid he was a Man in Authority, and if I would not lye down at the

the Sight of one Staff, he would knock me down with the other

Col. *Fran.* Who is the next Witneſs: I'ſe ſond thee to Hell, Mon, with the, Mow full of peeble Stenes.

Tim. Sir, I ſaw him offer to raviſh her, and becauſe ſhe got away, he went to raviſh me.

B. *Nation.* He ought to be caſtrated.

1*ſt Watch.* Sir, don't caſt me for my Life before you here me.

AIR XIV. O're *Bogie* with my Love.

The Dev'l is not more poor than I,
Nor yet more Innocent,
My heavy Charge does make the cry ——
——*I have not paid my Rent.*
Then let not Landlord and old Nick,
Beſides my deareſt Wife,
Loſe by my running upon tick ——
Gentlemen, ſpare my Life.

Col. *Fran.* He ſholl be firſt gelt, then hong'd as high as *Gelderoy*, and then let him ſpeek; Firſt, he offer'd a Raupe, that's Follony, to offer ta rauviſh a Woman is high Follony without Banefit of the Kirk; and for attempting to rauviſh my Mon, *Timothy*, that's Burglaury: Tee his Honds and Hoofs together, and roll him into the Kennel. Now yo Faullow in the blue Cote come foreward: What did this Faullow do, ſaw you?

Peter. He ſold Mackrel on a *Sunday*, and they ſtunk.

Col. *Fran.* A notable Dog, ſell Mauckrel of a *Sunday*! that's Socrolidge and Blosphemee.

De'el a me Saul, Mon, ond ſtinking Mockrel, that's high Cremes and Miſdemenurs. What ſaw you Broher.

B. *Nation. Peter* ſwears it, and ſo the Priſoner is condemned; bind him Hand and Foot, and roll him to his Companion, and there let them lie like a couple of wicked blaſphemous Sons of Whores——— See, Colonel, the Day breaks; let's to our Lodgings, and put the two Fellows to Bed with the Cynder-Wench, and let *Olympia* lie between us.

AIR XV. The Sailor's Ballad.

B. N. *How ſweet a Debauch is i'th' dark, Boys,*
The Stars on our Actions do ſhine;
Let Fops and Beaus cringe in the Park, Boys,
Our Heaven is Women and Wine.

CHORUS.

We're Kings and we're Princes of Thunder,
No Devil dare ſtand in our Way;
We wake all the Pariſh with wonder,
And like Gods turn Night into Day.

C. F. *Suppoſe the grand Dee'l now ſhould meet us,*
Wee tan thouſand Fiends at his Bock;
All Hell in an Uproar can't beat us.
Am I not a hearty and Cock.

CHORUS.

We're Kings and we're Princes of Thunder,
No Devil dare ſtand in our Way:
We wake all the Pariſh with wonder,
And like Gods turn Night into Day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Countess de Ulto's *Apartment*; *the Countess at her Toylet.*

There can be no Remedy so effectual to erase the Memory of an old Lover as the throwing myself into the Arms of a new one; and I have now the finest Opportunity in the World to engage myself in an Amour, which will yield me infinitely more Satisfaction, than ever I enjoyed in the dull Arms of the Wife-ridden and despicable *Hermio*. I thought to have cured my little Remains of Affection for him by *Hunting in the Country*; but what was that? Alas! a poor, insipid, dull Diversion. *Melanthus*, the adorable, accomplish'd, Soul-ravishing *Melanthius*, infinitely makes amends for all my Disappointments. His human Nature is all Grace, and his Intellectuals all Harmony.

To her Cocona.

Cocona. Madam, Here's a Letter directed to your Ladyship.

[*Gives her a Letter.*

Countess *de Ulto.* You need not retire; as you are Mistress of my Secrets, your Advice is sometimes necessary.

[*Opens the Letter.*

To the moſt Beautiful Counteſs de Ulto.

"ALL the Happineſs I ask of Heaven, "here or hereafter, is, that the God of "Love, the heavenly Diſpoſer of the ſu-"preme ſt Joy, may dart into your Lady-"ſhip's Boſom ſome Sparks of that Fire, "with which he has enflamed mine; that by "Inſtinct our Souls may know each other. "When I had that inchanting Interview "with your Ladyſhip yeſterday, the little, "too little Liberties you granted me, ra-"viſhed my Soul beyond Conception, and "deprived me of the Power not only of "Speech but Thought, and even Life for "ſome Moments; and had you been kinder or "more agreeable to my fond Deſires, you had "effectually killed me; nevertheleſs I muſt "tempt my Fate again, and if I die in "your Arms, I die in Heaven, and if (as "*Lucretia* ſays)

Our Atoms ſhould revolve by chance,
And Matter leap into its former Dance.

"Your Boſom muſt be the Place of my Re-"ſurrection —— The great Buſineſs depend-"ing on the Torrid Zone will ſecure my Vi-"ſits, and I will take care to heighten your "——'s expectation by improving his "Friendſhip —— Adieu till Evening, thou "moſt celebrated Beauty.

MELANTHUS.

Counteſs

Counteſs *de Ulto.* What do you think of this Letter?

Cocona. Had there been no Name ſubſcribed, and the Hand counterfeit without alluſion to Buſineſs or Favours, your Ladyſhip might eaſily have known who it came from.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* He's more than Man—— What does he mean by this Daſh after your ——at the end of the Daſh he writes an *S.* he might have ſaid Count's or Husband's, or what he pleas'd, it wou'd not have offended me; but Lovers have ſomething odd in whatever they do, whilſt Husbands are even the ſame without Alteration. There can be no better Name for *Husband*——than *Husband*; for when we give them all the Names that are odious and contemptible, it makes that filthy Name in large Characters HUSBAND. This Letter raiſes mySoul to an uncommon heighth of Joy, but I have a Cold and can't ſing. (*To her Woman*) Give me that Song you ſung yeſterday after *Melanthus* went away, like the Sun, leaving this Houſe in Darkneſs.

AIR XVI. Coal Black Joak.

Coc. *Of all the Joys on Earth below,*
That Gods or Men on us beſtow,
With a free Will in us to partake,
Give me the Man that Joys purſue,
Where Parent or Prieſt have nought to do.
But Love is all the Bargain we make,
For where the Deed's confin'd by Law,
The Joy's not worth an Inch of Straw;

But

But 'tis not ſo where Raptures riſe,
From darting Beams of Coal black Eyes,
And Souls do with the Body partake.

[*Somebody knocks at the Door.*

There's a Rap at the Door.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Break through the Door, and don't ſtay to open it to *Melanthus*, for it's he, an Impulſe at my Heart confirms it.

To them Beau Nation.

B. *Nation.* Madam, as I had your Ladyſhip's leave at the *German* Spaw to pay a Viſit when I came to Town, being newly arrived, I gladly took this firſt Opportunity to pay my Duty and Reſpects to one, whom all the World admires.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Your Viſit is at this Time unſeaſonable. I am diſorder'd on Account of an Accident, and deſire Retirement.

B. *Nation.* Madam, I am yours everlaſtingly, or Demme to the Flames of *Ætna.*

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Sir, I may poſſibly have Buſineſs with you ſhortly; then I ſhall ſend to the Rampant Lyon in the Stalliano; that I remember is your Lodging.

B. *Nation.* I am yours Ten thouſand Years after the expiration of Eternity.

AIR

AIR XVII.

Give me a Laſs with a Lump of Land.

Blood I am a happy Dog,
Thus to meet with all this kindneſs:
Soberneſs is but a Clog,
And for Conſcience that is blindneſs.
Rot me, if I'm not a King,
A Philoſopher, and Poet:
Thro' this World my Fame ſhall ring,
And the other World ſhall know it. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *de Ulto.* The Wretch has ſo ſurpriz'd me I ſhan't recover my Countenance this Fortnight. He's what we call a compleat Man, tho' ſeldom ſo complaiſant, with which another extraordinary Qualification he has, makes the Ladies call him *Blunderbuſs.*

Cocona. I wiſh your Ladyſhip, who is always very quick at Invention, had found ſome Way to amuſe him, by ſending him into another Room, and ordering me to attend him.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* I may do that at another Time; but at preſent my Head is too full of my own Affairs to conſult your Inclinations; however, for the future, if I have no Buſineſs for him, I may oblige you—— [*Pauſes.*] Ha! ſomebody knocks at the Door; he knock again, it is certainly *Melanthus*; *Cocona* fly, and daſh the Doors in Shivers, to ſhew your readineſs to open it.

[*She opens the Door and Col.* Franciſco *enters Drunk.*

Colonel

Col. *Fran.* Madam, the Dee'l gang thro' my Saul with a Pair of Jock Boots, and Spurs on, and may the Rowels tear out my Hort to mauke a Breakfaſt for auld *Balzebub*, if I ha ſlept for ſixteen Months, and four Daws for thinking on your Lawdyſhip's Perfections.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Are you a Man or a Monſter? What conſummate Impudence aſſiſts you? And what inſolent Servant of mine was it, that preſumed to direct you to my Apartments?

Col. *Fran.* Modam, that I am a Mon I cu'd prove without ſpeaking ain Word, and tho' my Face is like the Moon at full, my Ports are proportionable, and therefore, Modam, I'ſe no Monſter; and what directed me to this Plauce, was a dom'd Lee, and no fault of a Servant.

Counteſs de *Ulto.* Then, Sir, a Servant ſhall ſhew you the Way out: Call two or three Footmen and the Coachman with a Horſe-whip.

Col. *Fran.* Modam, I'ſe had ſo much Whepping at School in my ene Country, it ſpoiled my Learning, and ſhould I undergo the ſame Diſcipline in this, it would ſpoil my Intrigues; and, Modam, if ye have any regard for a Whore Moſter, pardon me, if ye cannot oblige me.

AIR

AIR XVIII. *Muirland Willy.*

Since thoſe ſene ſparkling Eyes muſt fail,
When Don Franciſco *tells his Tale,*
Why ſhould ſo graute a Lawdy rail,
Fond Love is all his Theme.
Women are made of Fleſh and Blood,
And Men have that will do 'em good,
If 'tis felt, heard and underſtood;
But you are in extreme.

Cocona. Madam, he pleads ſo well, excuſe his Raſhneſs.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Begone, Sir, and never let me ſee that odious Face, or expect to hear more odious Complaints.

Col. *Fran.* Madam, I'ſe dead and buried, and now ganging to the Dee'l.

Cocona. (Going after him to the Door) Sir, I am your humble Servant.

Col. *Fran.* And the Dee'l hauve me Remorſe of Conſcience but I'ſe wiſh I wor yeer Maſter.

[*Exit Col.* Fran.

Cocona. Madam, you forgot me again, half a Word would have done my Buſineſs.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* I ſhall forget myſelf and every Thing elſe, if the lovely *Melanthus* forgets his Promiſe this Evening. Wait at the Window that opens to the Court-Yard to receive him, and I'll walk in the Garden; thither direct him, but if the Count be at home, then guide him hither.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers Count* de Ulto *ſitting at a Table.* *Beau* Nation *and Colonel* Franciſco *ſtanding in melancholy Poſtures, as meeting more Interrogatories than they know how to anſwer.*

Count *de Ulto.* You ſay, Sir, [*to B.* Nation] you won ſome Money at the *Spaw* in *Germany* of a Lady in Company with the Counteſs *de Ulto*, and looſing your Lady, came hither to enquire for her, and are ſatisfy'd.

B. *Nation.* Yes, Sir.

Count *de Ulto.* Pray, who is the looſing Lady?

B. *Nation.* Madam *de Eſpingle.*

Count *de Ulto.* And you, Sir, [*to Colonel* Franciſco] came upon Honour to pay a Sum you loſt with my Lady at the Time and Place aforeſaid.

Col. *Fran.* My muckle Laird, this was aw my Buſineſs.

Count *de Ulto.* Go your Ways, and herd with Knaves and Sharpers like yourſelves, and never more dare approach this Place on any Pretence whatſoever. For tho' it would be inhuman to uſe Violence with the Fair Sex for their Extravagancies in this Nature, it's but juſt to ſtop the Career of thoſe, who take an Advantage of their thoughtleſs Paſſions, and unguarded Moments,

ments, and as ſuch Scoundrells I ſhall uſe you, whenever Occaſion offers.

Exeunt Beau Nation *and Colonel* Franciſco; *and as they go out,* Melanthus *ſlips in; and the Count being turn'd another way, he paſſes undiſcover'd to the Counteſs's Apartment.*

SCENE V.

SCENE, Altamont's *Apartment.*

Altamont *and* Lothario.

Aaltamont. When I ſee you, *Lothario,* I always think of *Lelius* and *Scipio,* and the mutual Friendſhip that ſubſiſted between them. Certainly nothing in this Life can afford the true Taſte of human Happineſs, but Friendſhip. It heightens our Joys, and alleviates our Grief; our Sorrows are deep, when confin'd in the narrow Compaſs of our own Breſts; and even our Joys are empty where we want a Friend to whom we may with Pleaſure communicate them. The happy Situation of my Affairs would yield me no more true Content than I enjoy'd, when I had but a narrow Fortune, without Title, if ſuch a Friend as you are, did not make my Hours delightful, by kind Offices, and agreeable Converſation.

Lothario. Sir, the Obligations are mine and tho' your Modeſty and Good-nature aſcribe more to my Worth than is due, I am conſcious to myſelf of having in you a generous Friend, and a condeſcending and charitable Benefactor. Good Offices have been done on your Part, and all the Retaliation I can make, is a grateful Acknowledgment, and a Promiſe that I will always be devoted to your Lordſhip's Service——Pray——I hope your Lady is in health.

Altamont. She enjoys that Bleſſing, and I believe is very well pleas'd; for ſhe has what moſt Women are proud of; and we may now drink as the *Dutch* do, to *Hanſen Kelder*: But it muſt be at another time, for this Afternoon I am obliged to be amongſt my Tenants, to pleaſe 'em as I have promis'd; was I to meet better Company I ſhould be glad of yours; but you ſhall not offer it. My Lady is uneaſy at my going thither, therefore I deſire you will entertain her with ſome Amuſement. ——Here ſhe comes——My Time's elaps'd, I muſt go.

[*Exit.*

Enter Caliſta.

Lothario. Madam, my Stars ſure are very propitious, and influence ſecond Cauſes to make me more happy than expectation could amount to.

Caliſta. Sir, by your Succeſs in every Undertaking one would think you have not only the Stars but all other Planets at command; but be that as it will, I am too ſure you have the Heart of a weak Woman in your Poſſeſſion.

ſion, But tho' you have gain'd a Conqueſt, you ought not to be void of Caution——no, rather double your Guard, and let not our Words or Actions be ſuch as may betray us: But why do I give you theſe Leſſons? I want Conduct the moſt that ever enamoured Woman did. My Love runs me to ſuch a degree of Madneſs, that I cannot forbear being laviſh in praiſing you even to *Altamont* himſelf; but, good-natured Creature, he never ſuſpects our familiar Correſpondence.

Lothario. So far from that, he ſeems overjoyed at the Opportunity of leaving us together——Then let us give a looſe to deſire, and revel in the Joys of Love, for the very Product of our Joys will delight him.

AIR XIX. Thou little blind Deceiver, *&c.*

Thou charming, dear, angelick form,
For Conqueſt made and killing;
That Face a Tyrant would diſarm,
And make, and make him ſue for Billing.

Thy Face and Charms are ſo divine,
For more than one's Poſſeſſion;
Heav'n did thoſe Charms for uſe deſign,
Then where is my Tranſgreſſion?

Beauty is not by Law confin'd,
(Miſers engroſs our Treaſure);
Love is as boundleſs as the Mind,
So we will ſtudy Pleaſure.

Caliſta. Dear *Lothario*, what have you done to bewitch me? Whatever I was made for I know not, but you were certainly made for the Ruin of me ——— Let's go to my Apartment.

Lothario. I fly with the Wings of Love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

SCENE, *A Bawdy Houſe.*

Colonel Franciſco, *Beau* Nation, *and two Whores, all ſeated.*

Col. *Fran.* Madam, whether you been Fiſh, Flaſh, or Foul, I'ſe conno toll; but the Dee'l aw me an I did not miſs a dainty Breakfaſt this Morn, and now I mun eat what the Hooſe affords.

B. *Nation.* That's a delicious Morſel of Iniquity, Colonel, and I believe, a Dainty too great for you ever to participate, tho' your Aſſurance carried you ſo far as to offer your Service; but we have enough here to ſtay our Stomachs, and it's an Affront to theſe Ladies to praiſe the Beauty of others in their Company. Come, Colonel, you are our Leader, give the Word of Command.

Col. *Fran.* The Words of the Field are not fit to be uſed in Chamber-Practice. *Hondle your*

your Arms wee'l do weel enough; but here waa muſt no tolk of a Fire-Lock, for tho' I'ſe be as ſound as a Roach, that might make the Lawdies gar us to paſs Muſter, and it is too caud to be muſter'd in buff ſo ſoon in a Morn.

Col. *Miſtreſs.* Sir, I always carry a ſearch Warrant about me, and muſt execute it, in order to come to a cloſe Examination of ſuſpicious Perſons; for by that firy Phiz, which is like a blazing Star, I'm afraid it portends ſome Devaſtations in the lower Regions; therefore I muſt and will be ſatisfy'd.

Col. *Fran.* Let's into the little Apartment there, and both ſtond ſearch on yau come to that, ſo march on.

[*They withdaw.*

B. *Nation's Miſtreſs.* My dear, you and I ſhall not make ſuch rough Work as thoſe Monſters; what ſhall I do to pleaſe you?

B. *Nation.* Why, ſing me a pretty Song; for I'm fit for nothing elſe, by *Jupiter Ammon.*

Miſtreſs. That's, Sir, the ſame Price as if you had all that a pretty Girl can give you. The Body is not the leſs ſtrained in my Part, and for yours, the Harmony muſt be greater, eſpecially as it ſuits your Inclination better.

B. *Nation.* Here's a Crown, now do your Work as if you did it without Hire.

AIR

AIR XX. When young at the Bar.

Then firſt I arriv'd at the Age of fifteen,
My Voice was harmonious, and portly my Mein;
For ſomething I long'd, let me do what I cou'd
The Diſtemper increas'd, and it rag'd in my Blood;
But at length came the Man,
And he ſhew'd me the Way,
My Blood cooler ran,
And it turn'd me a Stray.

Enter to them Colonel Franciſco, *hawling in his Miſtreſs with her Cap off, and Peticoats tore.*

Col. *Fran.* Ouns Blunderbuſs and Piſtol, this Bitch of a daumnable Woore wou'd have Sillar before ſhe had work'd for it, and has the Impudence to call my HONOUR in queſtion. I'ſe make the Dee'l gang to the muckle Hell with the Baggage, and ſend the Bawd of the Hooſe to *Bridewell.*

Enter to them the Bawd.

Bawd. What Devil have we hear juſt broke out of Hell, that all the Houſe ſmells of Brimſtone. I'll ſend for a Conſtable, and ſoon cool your Courage. What, Bully, do you think your ſelf in *Newgate?* If you have a Mind for a little innocent Diverſion, Gentlemen, ſit down and be modeſt, and if theſe won't do, I have thoſe will pleaſe you.

B. *Nation.* Colonel, the Gentlewoman ſpeaks very handſomely, can't you go to the Devil with

with ſome Diſcretion? There's nothing but Hell and Fury, Deſtruction, Deſolation, Damnation, and *Bellum Rancum* in your Company; be Civil, as the Gentlewoman ſays and let's have ſome innocent Diverſion.

Col. *Fran.* Well, as you're all againſt me, I ſubmit; there's twa Crowns for you (*giving them to the Bawd*) and that Gentlewoman (*pointing to his Miſtreſs*) mind that; and be my Blood and Saul and Bawdy, and all the muckle Dee'ls, I's have my Pennyworths for my Penny.

Bawd. Sir, now you ſpeak in this Language, (*Shewing the Crowns*) you ſhall command what my Houſe affords, and I'll give you a Song into the Bargin.

AIR XXI. Goſſip Joan.

I like you Captain Bluff,
When Pieces are your Proxies;
But for to ſwear and huff,
Will never win my Doxies,
Catpain Bluff.

If you would have a Whore,
Come here and we can match you;
From ſixteen to three Score,
And then myſelf will catch you,
Captain Bluff.

Sir, if a ROPE *ſhould ſeem,*
An ill appearing Omen,
I have a neat Machine,
That is not yet in common,
Coptian Bluff.

It runs ſo light on Wheels,
That ſailing on the Ocean,
If you but ſhake your Heels,
Is not a better Motion,

Captain Bluff.

Col. *Fran.* Madam, I'ſe ſwear till I die in your Praiſe, and to your eternal Glory, for Dee'l drive me into a Thimble headlong, and ſhatter my Saul to Cinders, if ever I heard of a Woman in my Life, that had ſo mony Accompliſhments and Perfections: Let's into that muckle Room, and do all that the muckle Dee'l directs without rioting or contradicting.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.

Marquis del Fogo *ſolus.*

[*Knocks at the Door.*

To him a Servant.

M. *del* Fogo. Where is your Lord and Lady?

Servant. My Lord is gone a viſiting, and my Lady is entertaining a Viſitor.

M. *del* Fogo. Who is he?

Servant. 'Squire *Lothario.*

M. *del* Fogo. Very well, or very ill, I know not which——Withdraw, and take no Notice of your ſeeing me——How long will the Devil reign in this World, before he takes

takes the entire Poſſeſſion of it?——One goes out, and the other comes in; ſo it ever was and ever will be.

AIR XXII. An old Woman cloathed in Grey.

This Friendſhip is all a Deceit,
To gain ſome moſt damnable End;
A Man to encourage a Cheat,
Has Woman to find him a Friend:
And he that has gotten a Wife,
Has need of a damnable Ge'nus;
For Satan *is drawn to the Life,*
In Actions of every Venus.

But it's not my Buſineſs to put the Match to Gunpowder. As ſure as this Caſtle is laid Siege to, it will be all on Fire ſpeedily, and very ſpeedily to.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

SCENE, *The Count* de Ulto's *Houſe,*

Counteſs de Ulto, *Princeſs* del Carmel *and* Melanthus.

Princeſs *del Carmel.* I love to break in ſuddenly as I did upon you; it gives me an Opportunity of judging the Conditions of Obligations by Faces confuſed, and other ſcattering Circumſtances———Well, I once purſued Pleaſure with an agreeable Guſto, but

it's all over; I have nothing to do now but to imitate old *Solomon*, of manful Memory ——Whatever you do, which is nothing to me, take heed of a Diſcovery; that is, an *Active* and *Paſſive* Diſcovery. As for the talk of the Town, that's nothing; it always gave me Pleaſure. To avoid that, one muſt neither enjoy the Diverſions of Court or Country, Balls, Interludes or Baſſet; But pray, *Melanthus*, how goes Affairs in the *enchanted Well?* Is ruſty Gold brought in by Cart-loads, in expectation of ever-laſting Mines being brought from *Peru?*

Melanthus. Truly, Madam, Gold flows at the Mouth of the Well in abundance, and Miſers croud to diſcharge themſelves of Treaſure, as if influenced by a ſuperior Power. What their Expectations are I cannot tell, nor can I determine what Product they may find in the Concluſion.

Princeſs *del Carmel.* Not tell!——Well, learn to keep Secrets, it's an excellent Quality in a young Man in this degenerate Age; but as you know your Friends, learn alſo to keep them. Now is the time; you have great Power, and conſider upon what Bottom your Intereſt ſtands in this Place. Your Diligence in this Affair will be your Security in another; which, if I am not miſtaken, is of greater Importance to you than that which is now a national Concern.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Madam, you preſume on ſomething which you ſeem to encourage, and yet interfere in that very important Article, which foreſtals all you can deſire of the generous *Melanthus.*

Princeſs

Princeſs *del Carmel.* I can forgive whatever you ſay, becauſe you'll plead my Example and Indulgence.

AIR XXIII. When you Cenſure the Age.

If your failings you'd hide,
The young do not chide,
For we all have been deep in the Mire;
And therefore give this Advice,
Be you merry and be wiſe,
And gallop along till you tire.

[*Exit.*

Melanthus. Juſt as I had ſnatched hold of the raviſhed Joy, and was applying the healing Balm to a Soul in Flames, what a preventing Accident was the Princeſs's coming!

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Peace, the Opportunity is better now than before. My Woman ſtands Centinel——let's not looſe a Moment.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Count de Ulto *and* Melanthus.

Count de Ulto.

I Am ſorry, Sir, you ſhould wait three Hours in my Houſe to ſee me; I hope you met with ſomething to entertain your Curioſity.

Melanthus. Yes; your Lordſhip has fine Pictures, very fine and beautiful, but I had the moſt Pleaſure in the Garden.

Count *de Ulto.* A Man of your refined Taſte always diſcovers ſome Diverſion or other where dull Mortals would Sleep. I have an Original, eſteem'd and admired by many; I preſume you have ſeen that, Sir. —It is in the left Wing of my Houſe, the ſecond Floor in a ſmall Appartment ſometimes in a large one.

Melanthus. I wander'd o'er the houſe in moſt open Apartments, where your Servant conducted me, but my chief Delight was in the Garden.

Count

Count *de Ulto.* I have ſometimes a Flower there, ſuppoſed to be one of the moſt beautiful in the Kingdom; but it is full blown, and has loſt the delicious Smell it once yielded; I preſume you took Notice of it as moſt of my Viſitors do. —— But this Diſcourſe ſeems not to affect you. How ſtand our Affairs in the *Enchanted Well?*

AIR XXIV. Laſt time I came o'er the *Muir.*

Now Faith and Conſcience both are fled,
And divine Aſtrea's *baniſhed;*
Above the Clouds ſhe hides her Head,
And from ſinful Earth is vaniſh'd.
The mighty Jove *alone can tell,*
If I've ſunk, or rais'd my Treaſure;
This golden, *this* enchanted Well,
Makes us in its Streams take pleaſure.

But if I ſhou'd encreaſe my Store,
Some poor Wretch ſhall be the better:
For he that made us, made the Poor;
And to Heav'n I am a Debtor.
Therefore to Heav'n my Debts I'll pay;
How ſweet is Juſtice! I adore her:
What, tho' my Counteſs goes aſtray,
Heav'n can ſure again reſtore her.

Melanthus. Forbid it, *Venus*; guard every Avenue that leads to the Counteſs *de Ulto*'s Heart, and let no Thought, but Love, find entrance there. If ſhe turns Apoſtate, I ſhall be deprived of all terreſtrial Happineſs; then throw ſome ſtrong Temptation in her Way,

Way, and make her to continue, as ſhe is, a very Woman. [*Aſide.*

Count *de Ulto.* He hears me not——— *Melanthus*, how do our Affairs proceed in the *enchanted Well?*

Melanthus. Swimingly, my Lord; and you may depend upon my Aſſiduity in ſerving you upon all Occaſions. My Father and I will convince you that we are indefatigable in promoting your Intereſt, and your Lordſhip ſhall not be deceived in the Confidence you have repoſed in us. This, my Lord, I aſſure you was my Buſineſs at this time; and I hope the continual hurry in the Diſcharge of this weighty and important Affair, will plead my Father's excuſe in not attending your Lordſhip. [*Bows, and goes out.*

Count *de Ulto.* Alas! what is the Compoſition of Mankind? One half of their Time is conſumed in hatching Treachery and Deceit; the other Moiety in the practice of both; and yet the vileſt Falſhood and moſt deteſtable Villany are gilded o'er with the ſpecious Name of Friendſhip.

To him the Counteſs de Ulto.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* My Lord, you are in deep Contemplation, and ſeem inclined to Melancholy: May I know the Occaſion?

Count *de Ulto.* We all ought to allot ſome Time for Thought and Self-examination, that we may arm ourſelves againſt Deceivers, and curb the Frailty of Nature; if the gay Part of the World would think ſeriouſly, it would convert or confound them.

Counteſs

Counteſs *de Ulto.* I am informed that the vociferous *Holder-forth* in *Ruſſel-Court* is dead; I would adviſe your Lordſhip to ſtand Candidate for the Place, it will improve your growing Judgment———Ha, ha, ha! I ſhould laugh immoderately to ſee you thump the Cuſhion.

Count *de Ulto.* I have had too much of ſuch Treatment as this from your Ladyſhip already; but as our Diſpoſitions do not tally at this time, adieu till the Evening. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Adieu till the Evening of Eternity, if your Lordſhip pleaſes.

AIR XXV. Vain, *Belinda*, are your Wiles.

Vain de Ulto *do you preach,*
Lovers better Doctrine teach;
Whilſt, Bully like, you ſend a Glove,
But neither fierce to Fight or Love.
But neither fierce, &c.

Little Arts will never gain,
Love is worth a little Pain:
Sweet is Love when Lovers ſigh!
And when they languiſh, gaze, and die.
And when they, &c.

Then with Raptures full of Fire
Riſe, and Arm in Arm expire:
While the Husband, hip'd and dull,
Does on our Boſoms ſleep and lull.
Does on our Boſoms, &c.

To her Cocona.

[*Speaking to* Cocona] Can you tell if *Melanthus* paſs'd unperceiv'd by the Count?

Cocona. The Count met him in the Lobby, and intimated to him ſlily his Apprehenſions, but waved the Diſcourſe.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* I am glad that he is a little piqued, it may be a help to his flegmatick Conſtitution—— I often laugh, when I think what Diverſity of Humours a Woman of Spirit may raiſe in a dull Husband. Keep him at a Diſtance, and he will cringe; make him familiar, and he ſoon droops; he will entertain a Rival, Philoſophiſe, and run *Horn-mad.* But let him do what he will, we are ſure to gain our Ends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Caliſta's *Apartment.*

Lothario *and* Caliſta.

Lothario. Madam, I am now arrived at the Summit of my Wiſhes, Friendſhip with my Lord, and Familiarity with your Ladyſhip; yet ſomething within tells me that we indulge ourſelves in untim'd Pleaſures. It would not be imprudent to place a Confidence in ſome of your Domeſticks, who otherwiſe may

may declare with Aggravations what they already ſurmiſe.

AIR XXVI. Bonny Broom.

The Thoughts of loſing you, my Dear,
Is what I moſt do dread;
It is no Ponyard that I fear,
But to be baniſhed.

How near a-kin are Love and Fear,
But ſhould we be betray'd;
Rage would take place, or deep Deſpair,
And we be wretched made.

Caliſta. My treacherous Faith has made you an Infidel——When the Miſtreſs of a Family lays down her Authority, the meaneſt Servant will take it up. I am too much a Slave to my own Paſſions, but will not be ſubject to anothers. I am ſenſible, there are few Families in which there is not a *Judas*; but I would rather be a Slave with a noble Mind, than creep to an Attendant—Fear not, my *Lothario*, Love, like ours, muſt have ſome ſuperiour Protector; and it is time enough to think of Death and Deſpair, when we have out-lived our mutual Affection. Let us imitate *Paris* and *Helen*, and not dream of a *Wooden Horſe* 'till we ſee *Troy* in Flames; and then die Martyrs to *Venus* in each others Arms.

AIR XXVII. The Beaux of Pleaſure.

My deareſt Paris,
My only care is
The Joy that rare is
Within your Arms.

Loth. *My deareſt* Helen,
May no one tell on
The Joys I dwell on
With thoſe ſweet Charms.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Count de Ulto *ſolus.*

Count *de Ulto.* I could rejoyce to ſee my extravagant Counteſs reclaimed, but fear I ſhall never have ſuch Happineſs. However, I will try one way, which often proves effectual, tho' it will be a Mortification to me. The faſhionable Vice of *Keeping* will pique her the more, when ſhe knows that I have choſe the meaneſt of my Servants for a Miſtreſs; and by this Method ſhe will think that I deſpiſe her, when I prefer one of her Menial Servants before her.

To him Cocona *laughing.*

You look very pleaſant, Child; my Lady diſpenſes her Favours to the moſt deſerving; Some

Some caſt-off Suit or other Ornament has fallen to your Lot, I ſuppoſe, this Morning.

Cocona. My Lord, Principle and not Intereſt induces me to ſerve my Lady; and I often meet her Ladyſhip's Generoſity before I merit it.

Count *de Ulto.* [*Aſide.*] I determined to take one of the meaneſt Servants in my Family to raiſe my Lady's Jealouſy, and I muſt take this alſo to encreaſe it——[*To* Cocona] You are very witty and handſome, *Cocona*; what think you of a handſome Lodging, a Chariot and Equipage?

Cocona. My Lord, I dare not think of ſuch Things, nor can I have the Vanity to raiſe my Expectation to ſuch a height.

Count *de Ulto.* You are a little Gipſy, *Cocona*, and have ſtole my Heart; behave your ſelf as you ought to do, and I will make better Proviſion for you, than you imagine.

Cocona. I am all obedience, my good Lord. ——If he performs his Promiſe I ſhall be happier than my Lady. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

AIR XXVIII. Man in Imagination.

When Man is depriv'd of Pleaſure,
In uſing his chiefeſt Treaſure;
In diff'rent Paths he ſeeks for eaſe,
And flies his native Home.
A Horror it is to Conſcience,
But Libertines ſay that's Nonſenſe:
Conſcience be drown'd, to cure my Diſeaſe,
Like Libertines I'll roam.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Altamont *and a Gentleman.*

Gentlem. I am fully perſwaded, Sir, that what has been communicated to me, is true; and your Servants would have made a Diſcovery to you, had they not fear'd that your Affection for *Caliſta*, and your Indulgence to *Lothario*, would have prevented your giving Credit to the Relation.

Altamont. You bring me Heart-breaking News, and tho' there is no Remedy for what has happened, yet it alleviates my Grief that I can prevent the continuance of their Amours. ——*Caliſta* falſe! *Lothario* ungrateful! Is this their Recompence for Love and Friendſhip? muſt confeſs I have ſo much female Weakneſs in my Heart, I could willingly plead *Caliſta*'s Cauſe, and with energy lay the heavy Charge on that ſeducing Serpent, *Lothario*, if I had the leaſt plauſible Pretence for doing it——Let me entreat you, Sir, to command my Domeſticks, in my Name, to be as watchful as *Argos* with his hundred Eyes; and when they have an Opportunity to catch them in their Amours, to uſe *Caliſta*, my once dear, virtuous *Caliſta*, with as much tenderneſs and ſubmiſſion to her Will, as if ſhe had been innocent; but to ſecure *Lothario*, and yet uſe him as a Gentleman, till they ſhall receive farther Orders from me.

AIR

AIR XXIX. Now Ponder well ye Parents dear.

True Friendſhip never has been found;
A Woman's Love's but Luſt;
Friendſhip is nothing but a ſound,
My Friend has prov'd unjuſt.

What Sorrows now my Breaſt invade,
Occaſion'd by my Wife!
By her my Love has been betray'd,
How burdenſome is Life.

SCENE V.

Colonel Franciſco *and Beau* Nation *in a Chamber.*

Col. *Fran.* 'Sbreed, Mon, I'ſe aw on Fire.

B. *Nation.* Then prithee jump into the Water, or go to the *French* Doctor, if you are apprehenſive of the *Noli me tangere.*

Col. *Fran.* Whot Longuage is that in the muckle Deel's Naum, I'ſe ken it not; but au I'ſe bote a warm Borgain, it gars me no troble, for I'ſe wont to ſatisfee a lottle Revonge upon a ſquamiſh Jade, that gar'd me to paw feeve Peaces for feeve Minutes Plaſure.

AIR XXX. Buſh a Boon Traquar.

Whan I was in the Nothern Clime,
Ond whor'd it for my Pleaſure;
I'ſe do it for a Grote a time,
Ond that is muckle Treaſures.

But

But theſe unreaſonable Whores,
Wad drain me dry as Tinder;
I'ſe keek theſe Strumpets oot a Doors,
Or burn 'em to a Cinder.

To them a Footman, who delivers a Letter to Beau Nation.

B. *Nation.*

A Woman's Hand; —*I'll kiſs the Seal*—
What Secret will theſe Lines reveal.

[Opens the Letter, and reads it.

BEAU NATION,

" WIthout Ceremony meet me this Even-
" ing at Mrs. *Mecklin's*, a Milliner in
" the *Rue d'Amour*. I am in Deſpair and
" Confuſion, and cannot find Comfort.

Be you my Boſom-Friend to ſooth my Grief;
I'll be as bountiful as now I'm brief.

COUNTESS de ULTO.

Am I alive, dead, or do I dream? — I live, and this is her Hand.

AIR XXXI. Rare Doings at *Bath.*

Give Scepters and Crowns to the Children at play,
My Joy is too great, I am ready to burſt:
My Soul, e're my Body goes, will run away,
Franciſco, *adieu, farewell, be curſt,*
Go revel with Punks in a Stew by yourſelf,
My Soul overflows, I am brim-full of Joy;
They'r Beggars that tumble in Pelf.
They'r Beggars, &c.

My

My Soul is ſo near my Mouth, that I fear it will be gone before me. [*Exit.*

Col. *Fran.* I'ſe gaung and beſpake a Room for ye in the Mod-Houſe——The Mon is gon after a Wench; ond ma the muckle Dee'l bla her Bladder full of ſmall Stenes, ond e'ry Stone a Mul-ſtene, au ſhe do not ſwaur a Raupe agen him, thot he ma pay as deur for it as I'ſe done.

AIR XXXII. *Polworth* on the Green

How vain and proud's a Beau!
Of every Woman's ſmile,
If ſhe but winks he'll go,
Altho' he knows her Guile.
A Beau is but a Slave at beſt,
A Woman's Tool, an Aſs:
If he's inclined to ſtand the Teſt,
Let him conſult his Glaſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Lothario, *and* Caliſta *tearing her Hair.*

Caliſta. O fatal Contrivance! We have been diſcovered in the very Act of forbidden Pleaſures. I am loſt and undone! Diſtraction and Confuſion ſeize me. I never had a perfect View of myſelf before, and now the Sight is terrible.

Lothario. In two Minutes I ſhall be reduced to Atoms.

Caliſta. Leave me to my Sorrows, and let me alone be the Object of that Fury, now impending o'er my Head——A provoked Father and an injured Husband will kill me with their Looks. I cannot, dare not ſee 'em, but will fly where Fate alone can find me.

AIR XXXIII. Of a noble Race was *Shinkin*,

When Virtue does ſurrender,
And Vice becomes delightful,
Then ev'ry Grace in Virtues Face,
Appears in ſhape moſt frightful.
[*Runs off.*

Lothario. Why is Death ſo ſlow in coming? I'll follow you, *Caliſta*, till I catch you in the Shades below.

AIR XXXIV. The doleful Ditty,

When Reaſon's ſacrific'd to Luſt,
We headlong run, and prove unjuſt:
For Honour we have no regard,
Then let us meet our juſt Reward.
[*Runs after her.*

SCENE VII.

Counteſs de Ulto *and Beau* Nation.

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Sir, as you are the only Perſon in whom the Ladies confide, I muſt inform you that my chief Favourite, the adorable *Melanthus*, will not be permitted by the Count *de Ulto* to enter this Palace for the future. I muſt therefore truſt to your Management, who has been ſo ſucceſsfully employed in the Service of our Sex.

B. *Nation.* Madam, I ſhall willingly take upon me any Office under the Command of your Ladyſhip; but———

Counteſs *de Ulto.* I perceive your Diſappointment, but when you have done your Work, I will gratify your Inclinations. In the mean time, if your Appetite is keen,

you

you may make a travelling Meal of my Woman. [*Rings a Bell.*

To them Cocona.

Shew this Gentleman your Chamber; he is indiſpoſed, but you can ſoon recover him.

Cocona. Pardon me, Madam, if I do not comply with your Requeſt.

AIR XXXV. Of all the Girls that are ſo ſmart.

I have his Betters in my View,
Therefore I ſhall defy him:
And, Madam, 'tis no thanks to you,
Time was I'd not deny him.
I ſoon ſhall great as you appear,
And be no more a Pander;
For there is one who calls me dear,
As great as Alexander.

[Exit *ſcornfully.*

Counteſs *de Ulto.* Conſummate Impudence! She raiſes at once both my Indignation and Jealouſy.

To them a Servant.

Servant. Madam, the great *Melanthus* expired about half an Hour ago, and I am ſent to give your Ladyſhip this Notice. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *de Ulto. Melanthus* dead! Protect me Heavens. He has not left behind him a Man worth my Notice.

B. *Nation.* He was but a Man; am not I a Man?

Counteſs *de Ulto.* He was an Angel and thou art a Devil. *Melanthus,* but a Man!

[*Flies at him, tears his Wig, and beats him off the Stage.*

AIR XXXVI. *Lawſon* and *Clark.*

Diſmal's the Sound of grim Death's loud Alarms,
(Arms;
My Comfort and Joy is now ſnatch'd from my
Pretenders to Art kill more than they ſave,
Melanthus *by them has been ſent to the Grave.*
Tol de lol, &c. [*Exit* Counteſs.

SCENE VIII.

Altamont *and M.* del Fogo.

Altamont. Tho' I have reaſon to lament my unhappy Fate, and can ſcarce bear its heavy Weight; yet, Sir, to ſee you grieve ſo much, does encreaſe my Burden.

M. *del Fogo.* O *Altamont*, thou good, thou moſt injured Husband, I know not what Retaliation I can make for thy Love and Indulgence to my infamous ungrateful Daughter, who has wounded thee in the moſt tender Part; whoſe inglorious Actions will quickly bring me to my Grave.

Altamont. We have this Comfort, Sir, amidſt our Affliction, that neither the Severity of a Parent, nor the rough Treatment of a Husband, could prompt her to ſtigmatize either of us.

M. *del Fogo.* You were too kind to her; but let us endeavour to baniſh her from our Thoughts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

SCENE, *Count* de Ulto's *Apartment.*

Count de Ulto *and* Cocona.

Count *de Ulto.* This account, *Cocona*, whether true or falſe, does much ſurprize me; I wiſh I could diſcredit what you told me.

Cocona.

Cocona. My Lord, may I be for ever ſeparated from your Arms, and become the miſerableſt Creature upon Earth, if I impoſe upon your Lordſhip.

Count *de Ulto.* Gods! Can my Counteſs ſtoop ſo low, as to turn Procureſs for a common Sharper? —— They who proſtitute their Virtue, will ſacrifice their Honour, tho' deſcended from the nobleſt Blood. [*Aſide.*] —— But tell me, *Cocona*, did you really carry yourſelf with that haughty and diſdainful Air which you have repreſented.

Cocona. I aſſure you, my Lord, that I do not deceive you. Nay, I proceeded farther, and ſinging with a ſcornful Deportment, I let my Lady underſtand that I ſhould be as great as ſhe.

Count *de Ulto.* Excellently well done, *Cocona*, you have out-ſtript my Expectation. It pleaſes me when I think to what a heighth you have raiſed her Jealouſy.——Here is a ſmall Preſent to encourage you.

[*Gives her Money.*

Cocona. I humbly thank your Lordſhip.

Count *de Ulto.* Come, *Cocona*, to mitigate my Grief, let me hear you ſing.

Cocona. My Lord, you have ſpoiled my Voice; but I will uſe my utmoſt Endeavours, by Night and Day, to ſerve you.

AIR XXXVII. Young *Philoret.*

A Lady fair
Had ſuch an Air,
She many Lovers gain'd;
They all enjoy'd,
And all were cloy'd,
Tho' Love to each ſhe feign'd.

Her

Her noble Lord
Her Ways abhorr'd,
And tore her from his Soul:
He found a Cure,
That's always ſure,
A Miſtreſs and a Bowl.

Count *de Ulto.* This is a Song of thy own making *Cocona*; 'tis very *a propos*, and I am much delighted with it. But had my Counteſs heard it, 'twould have been a double Satisfaction to me. I will take thee to my Arms and —— [*Embraces her.*

To them Princeſs del Carmel.

Princeſs *del Carmel.* So cloſe together! You ſeem, my Lord, to be as eager as a Hawk at his Prey. Has *Cocona* more Charms than your Counteſs?——Ungrateful Wretch! [*To* Cocona.

Count *de Ulto.* Ha! I am betray'd. Now, *Jupiter*, whoſe Example Mankind follows, inſtruct me what to ſay. [*Aſide.*] Madam, if *Cocona* has a leſs Share of Charms than my Counteſs, I am confident ſhe has as large a Portion of Virtue.

Princeſs *del Carmel.* Tho' I will not juſtify my Daughter's Actions, yet I muſt ſay that had your Ardour to her been as vigorous as I have now ſeen it to that Proſtitute, *Cocona*, you might have prevented what has happened.

Count *de Ulto.* If my Counteſs would return from her Folles, I would readily embrace her in my Arms again.

To them the Counteſs de Ulto.

Princeſs *del Carmel.* Here ſhe is, my Lord, and I hope you'll keep your Word.

Count *de Ulto.* Madam, I would willingly, provided ſhe will be conſtant to my Bed.

Counteſs

Counteſs *de Ulto.* My Lord, I ſhall henceforth follow your Example.

Count *de Ulto.* My Stratagem has anſwered my Expectation; and now, *Cocona*, I have no farther Occaſion for you. However, I will allow you a Maintenance.——Come, my dear Counteſs, once more I receive you into my Arms with Joy. [*Embraces her.*

AIR XXXVIII. *Moll Peakly.*

C. de Ult. *When once an open hearted Creature,*
By the Wiles of Man is betray'd,
Does open lay the Scene of Nature,
She's no longer call'd a Maid:
There's Inclination firſt,
Cs. de Ult. *And perjur'd Man that durſt*
Attempt to bring a Girl to Slavery,
By his Knavery,
That's his Bravery,
Tho' ſure to be accurſt.

To them Count Hermio.

Count *Hermio.* I rejoyce, my Lord, to ſee a Reconciliation with your Counteſs; for my own Part, I have deviated from the Faſhion, and am——married.

All. Married!

Count *Hermio.* Yes, faith, I am married; and to ſurprize you more, am determined to live virtuouſly.

Princeſs *del Carmel.* Count *Hermio* married.—

Counteſs *de Ulto.* And lead a virtuous Life.

Count *de Ulto.* Joy to you, noble *Hermio*; Miracles are not ceaſed.

Count *Hermio.* No truly; there is a tragical Scene in *Altamont*'s Family.

Princeſs *del Carmel.* What is it?

Count

Count *Hermio.* *Caliſta* intrigued with *Lothario*, and as it has been revealed; the Thoughts of being reproached by the World, have killed her. *Lothario* is diſtracted, *Altamont* and the Marquis *del Fogo* rave, and wiſh the World were on fire, that they may periſh in the Flames.

Count *de Ulto.* Remorſe of Conſcience, from what Cauſe ſoever it ariſes, does frequently produce ſuch Effects; and an heroick Spirit will Die, rather than live in Diſgrace.

AIR XXXIX. Lord *Byron's* Maggot.

Hot-headed ſhe wedded, her Father to pleaſe,
But Women are Women, and will have their Ways;
She ſigh'd before Marriage,
But after Miſcarriage
She griev'd to the Heart and Soul.
In Bed ſhe would tumble,
At Table would grumble
Her Life was a Scene of War.
She would tear,
And would ſwear,
Then cry,
Piſh, fie,
Your Riches and Toys, Sir,
Are none of my Joys, Sirs,
My Humours you ſhall not controul.

[*Here a Dance.*

FINIS.